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From Blackwood for September.

### A DUEL.

Spaniards generally have a strong, and not unattractive, dislike to see either military or civil employments in their country filled by foreigners, and it is rare to find a foreign officer in any of their regiments. Sometimes, however, one meets with them—generally Poles. On one occasion, during my rambles, I fell in with a battalion, quartered in an insignificant Asturian village, in which were two foreigners, a Frenchman and a Pole. The former, whose baptismal name was Victor, was a fine, handsome young fellow, well educated, and even accomplished, with a love of adventure had induced to enter the Spanish service. His greatest fault was one not uncommon among young French military men—a headlong, random way of talking, especially when a slightly excited by wine, or otherwise which frequently caused him to wound the feelings, or give unintentional, but not the least real, offense to his friends and comrades. If remonstrated with on the subject when in cool blood, he admitted the falling, which he would again, however, fall into the very same error, perhaps, when heated by conversation or irritated by the least contradiction. Cyrinski, the Pole, was of a widely different character. He was the beau-ideal of a veteran soldier, to which name, although little more than forty years of age, five and twenty years' service gave him a fair title. Tall and powerful in frame, injured to fatigue, and skilled in all military exercises, he was not less terrible in the field than gentle and amiable in quarters. He was the best-hearted creature I ever saw, and although with nothing behind his pay to live upon, was ever ready to share his last dollar with a comrade. By disposition somewhat taciturn, he would sit for hours, his chin resting on his hand and a large German pipe in his mouth, listening to the conversation, but rarely taking part in it. He was still in the prime of his vigor, and although the shako had worn away the hair from his temples and forehead, it still curled thick and short on the top and back of his head, while a strong and very light-colored mustache contrasted with the dark hue to which his fine face had been tanned by the sun and rains of twenty campaigns. The strangest thing about him was his dialect. It was a mixture of some half-dozen languages, picked up in the various services through which, except his own, could he speak with any degree of accuracy. Sometimes, however, he made himself understood; and, as nothing ever offended him, it was often a source of great amusement to his comrades to laugh at old Cyrinski's polyglot idioms.

I was acquainted with one or two officers of the battalion, and I determined to remain a couple of days at the village, to repose from the fatigues of a week's travelling on a Spanish saddle and over detestable roads. I soon got acquainted with Cyrinski; we discovered that we had some mutual friends in another country, and an intimacy rapidly ensued. Although the village in which the battalion was quartered was a mere collection of cottages, and had nothing to recommend it save the beauty of the surrounding scenery, I found my time pass agreeably, that I allowed several days to elapse without thinking of departure. The mornings were spent in riding, walking and lounging, with an occasional bout at the foils, or touch at pistol-shooting; and in the evening, Cyrinski, Victor, the Frenchman, two or three Spanish officers, and myself, used generally to meet at the quarters of one or other of the party, for the sake of conversation, and the discussion of a bowl of mulled wine.

It was on the eighth evening after my arrival at the village, and we were assembled in the room of Don Julian M., an officer whom I had formerly known at M. For three or four days past, troops had been daily arriving from different quarters in our rear, and occupying a strong position, of which the village was the central and most advanced point. Several thousand men were assembled in the neighboring hemlets, or bivouacking in the fields; while to our front a strong Carlist force had established their pickets within little more than musket-shot of ours. Nothing was expected for the following day, as both sides were waiting further reinforcements, but an action was decidedly looked for the day after the morrow.

We were seated, six in number, round a ponderous old table of black, worm-eaten oak, on which were placed a large bowl of coarse, yellowish earthware, emitting a most fragrant vapor of spiced wine, glasses in number sufficient, but no two of them of the same form or size, and a bundle of excellent cigars. The conversation ran, as may be supposed, chiefly on the movements of troops, and probabilities of an approaching engagement. The first bowl was finished and another brought in, before a diversion was made from this topic, by one of the party relating an incident that had occurred that morn-

# THE DEMOCRATIC WHIG.

VOL. 1.) COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1842. (NO. 9.)

THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES, AND THE UNION OF THE STATES.

An officer had ridden out from the Carlist lines, mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, and amused himself by cantering to and fro—not advancing, however, beyond his own pickets. Suddenly the horse started at some object on the ground, gave a rear and a plunge that nearly unseated his rider, and then throwing up his head in the most approved style of snarling, started off at a furious rate in the direction of the Christiano camp. The officer tried hard to pull him in, but he was riding with a single reined bridle, and, as ill-luck would have it, the leather broke. The horse went on at the same mad pace, his rider keeping his seat but unable to control him, until within a hundred yards of the Christiano picket, when a shot from one of the sentries brought the unlucky officer to the ground. The horse instantly stopped, and stood motionless and crest-fallen by his master, as though conscious of his crime and repenting the harm he had done. Some men went out from the picket to bring in the animal, and finding the officer quite dead, a shallow grave was dug, and he was buried where he had fallen.

"The burial was not long doing," said one of the Spanish officers, a young man, and a great friend of Victor's. "The grave was scarce three feet deep, and coffins being, of course, out of the question, they just laid him in the ground in his shirt, as though he had been going to bed."

"And that was too much cried Victor, when linen is so scarce among our poor fellows. It would be a praiseworthy act to dig the body up and strip it."

"Non pas," said Cyrinski, gravely, "von bad dig deranger los muertos—ca porte malheur."

"Oh, don't! Monsieur Cyrinski," said the Frenchman, who had spoken more in jest, but was roused by the slight appearance of opposition. "Eh bien! le diable m'emporte, if I don't do it, then; and, what's more, I'll wear the Carlist rascal's shirt the next time we go into action. What say you to that, mon Polonois?"

Cyrinski shook his head, but made no reply. The Frenchman, who had been drinking pretty freely, but was by no means drunk, now filled a large tumbler with wine, and took it off at a draught.

"Come along Luis," said he to his friend, "I want you to help me, or I shall be all night digging up the carriage."

The young Spaniard hesitated, and did not seem half to like it; but he was accustomed to yield to Victor's impetuous character, and they left the room together. We shouted after them to come back, but they paid no attention to our call; and supposing it to be a joke of Victor's, and that he had gone off to pass the evening in the quarters of some other of his comrades, we thought no more of the matter. The conversation, took a new turn. Cyrinski laid aside his pipe, and, becoming unusually communicative, told us one or two strange wild stories of the fate of persons who had disturbed the repose of the dead. In his native province, he said, there was a strong belief that the man who dug up a body always met an untimely death; and that unless he made expiation by masses and penance, he never lived to see the anniversary of the day on which the sacrilegious act had been committed. It was easy to perceive that Cyrinski himself was not altogether exempt from a belief in these superstitions.

rather than the words, of the Frenchman could not be otherwise than galling to him.

"Answer me then!" shouted Victor, who had just drunk enough to be very quarrelsome, and who was doubly incensed by the calm coolness of Cyrinski. "Answer me, or by G— I will throw my glass in your face!"

Victor was standing opposite the Pole with a half-empty tumbler in his hand; and whether it was done intentionally, or whether in the vehemence of his anger, he involuntarily suited the action to the word, I cannot say; but as he spoke, the glass flew across the table, and smashed against the opposite wall—Cyrinski receiving part of the contents in his face.

I never saw anything more truly dignified than the Pole's look and manner as he rose from his seat, and wiping the wine-stains from his sun-burned face and mustaches, addressed Victor, who still continued standing opposite to him, with the dogged look of a man who has done something to be ashamed of, but has too much false pride to acknowledge his fault.

"Mon cher," said Cyrinski, in better French than I had usually heard him speak, "you have done a very foolish thing; you have insulted, without reason, a man who was a soldier before you were born. I have the scars of nine wounds on my body, and do not fear being taken for a coward. Say that you are sorry for what you have done—there is no degradation in so doing—and let the thing drop. These gentlemen are our friends—they will be silent on the subject for your sake; for myself I care not—Cyrinski is known to be no poltroon."

There was a momentary struggle in the Frenchman's breast between good feeling and false pride. Unfortunately the latter prevailed.

"I have no doubt of your willingness to receive apologies," replied he with a sneer; but I do not feel equal to disposing to make them." And, turning on his heel, he left the room. This unpleasant incident broke up the party, and we all retired to our quarters except Cyrinski, who remained alone with Don Julian N.

Before daybreak the next morning, the troops were turned out in case of an attack; but none occurring, after being under arms a couple of hours, they were allowed to return to their quarters. I was looking out of the window of the village *peuada*, when Cyrinski, and our host of the previous evening, passed by, the latter with his clock on. He beckoned me to come down, which I did and joined them.

"This is a bad business," said Don Julian, showing me that he had a case of pistols under his cap. "Cyrinski and Victor are going to fight; nor do I see how it can be helped, for Victor has again refused to make the smallest apology. You know, probably that our military law is severe against duelling, and this affair may cost us all our commissions, and the more so as occurring in front of the enemy. Walk down with us, if you have no objection. No harm can accrue to you for so doing, and your evidence may be good for some of us hereafter, if it comes to a court-martial."

In a few minutes we were on the ground selected for the duel, which was a small Indian-corn-field in front of the village, and about equidistant from two of the Christiano pickets, and screened from view by being in a sort of hollow, shut in on either side, and also to the rear, by high land and plantations of young forest trees. It was inconveniently near the cantonments and pickets; but the whole of the adjacent country being covered with troops, it would have been necessary to have gone leagues to get a better place and on the whole, it was the most secluded spot that could be found. On the side looking towards the Carlist camp, the country sloped gently downwards for some three hundred yards, and then again began to rise for about the same distance, or rather more till it terminated in a ridge or crest, upon which the Carlists had their position. One of the loose stone walls commonly used in Spain to divide farms and estates ran across the lower end of the field, from which the maize had been recently cut. Beyond this the ground was uneven, intersected by hedges, and sprinkled with apple trees.

Victor and his second, the same young Spaniard who had accompanied him on his expedition of the preceding night, reached the field as we did. After another vain attempt on the part of Don Julian to extract an apology from the Frenchman, fifteen paces were measured, and the men placed. As the seconds handed the pistols to the principals, a scattering fire of muskets was heard which to me appeared very near. I made a few steps towards the higher part of the field, and saw the grey coats and blue caps of some Carlist skirmishers advancing towards our lines. Julian, who was to give the signal, seemed to hesitate. There was something strange in fighting a duel almost under the fire of the enemy.

"Allons!" cried Victor, stamping his foot impatiently; "dieu au instant ca sera fini."

At the dot they fired. Cyrinski's long-nosed police fell off his head with a bullet through it. His pistol, the charge of which had probably not well rammed down, flashed in the pan.

At the same moment, however, and to the surprise of all present, Victor turned half round and fell heavily to the ground. The two seconds and Cyrinski hurried up to him, and I followed.—The blood was flowing from the back of his head. A stray bullet from the Carlists, who were skirmishing with our pickets, had glanced over the wall, which ran a few yards in his rear and given him a fatal wound. The last words he had uttered, "Dieu au instant ca sera fini," might have been spoken in a prophetic spirit. Not a minute had elapsed, and he was already a corpse.

INTERESTING STORY.—A wealthy merchant of Paris, whose name the Gazette des Tribunaux—from which we take the following interesting tale—conceals, it states, from motives of delicacy, having made some disastrous speculations on the Stock Exchange, was obliged to fly to England to avoid his creditors, leaving behind a wife, who though young, was the mother of three children. Unfortunately, her husband had involved her too in his ruin by inducing her to put her name to bills of exchange, which she had no means of paying when due. Unable to follow him, and dreading a separation from her children by arrest and confinement in prison, she gave up her house and furniture to her creditors, and retired to a humble dwelling in an obscure quarter of Paris, with only a small sum of money and her own personal jewels and paraphernalia.

In a very few weeks after her retreat, her miseries were increased by the arrival of intelligence of the death of her husband. When her money was gone she continued to maintain herself and her children (the eldest but very little above the age of infancy) by the progressive sale of her jewels, and these, being exhausted, she was reduced to the abject necessity of disposing of even her wedding-ring. Encouraged by the uniform kindness of manner with which she had been treated by the jeweller to whom she had transferred these valuables, she confided to him her forlorn situation, and consulted him on the best mode of disposing of a small quantity of fine linen, as the only resource left her. The worthy man, to save her from the exposure of going to other persons, agreed to take the linen himself at its market price. From week to week she went to him with sometimes a damask table-cloth, sometimes a pair of sheets and at length even her own chemises. At last some weeks elapsed without her again appearing at the jeweller's shop.

"The master, who had become interested in the fate of one whose manners proved that she was above the humble condition in which she had appeared before him, sought out and discovered her wretched abode. On entering it, he found her lying sick, and almost expiring, and her three children crying around her from want of bread. On asking why, as she was unable to come to him, she did not send her eldest child, she told him that she had not a single article more to dispose of, and had been living upon the allowances granted by the arrondissement to its indigent inhabitants. After gently blaming her for giving away to despair, the jeweller told her that he had been mistaken in the estimate he had made of a diamond cross he had purchased of her and it proved to be of so much greater value than he at the time believed, that he was her debtor to the amount of 2,000 fr., which sum he insisted upon her receiving. Not content with this restitution, if such it really was he proposed to her, until fortune should smile upon her again to place her at the head of his domestic establishment, and he would have her children brought up and educated under his own direction. Gratitude and her maternal feelings, would not allow her to refuse an offer so advantageous to herself and children, and so honorable and disinterested in him by whom it was made. The arrangement was carried into execution, and the distressed widow has now every prospect of a comfortable, though comparatively humble, subsistence, and of seeing her children at least put into a way of providing honestly for themselves. [Galignani's Messenger.]

The following is an official order of the Post Office department. "Ordered, that no person under the age of 16 years, be employed as a mail carrier on any post route, or clerk in any Post Office in the United States. The better to enforce this regulation, it is required that the ages of the carriers and clerks be entered upon the oaths of office which they respectively take, before they are transmitted by the Contractor or Post Master to the department for file; and the special Agents of the department will promptly report all instances of non-compliance with this regulation."

"Wide is the way, and broad is the road to destruction," as the oyster said when it glided down the loafer's throat.

### THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

It is truly surprising what erroneous notions continue to prevail on the subject of Female Education. A young lady, having gone through the ordinary elements of learning, and acquired a certain smattering of what she ought thoroughly to know, is considered ready to receive the finishing touches. Accordingly, she is placed forthwith at a fashionable boarding-school to be polished, or rather veneered—for her first acquirements are no better than common wood, although the last may be considered mahogany. This is probably the very worst course that could be pursued, and none could more entirely unfit her for the duties of life, upon which she is about to enter. The education which every female wants, after having arrived at the age of sixteen, is that which will inspire her with a desire for knowledge and a love of reading. For this, solitude and seclusion are necessary: not the companionship of gay and giddy girls. An exact course of study should be prescribed—a course as requisite for the health of the mind, as diet and exercise for the health of the body.

The great exuberance of animal spirits which young ladies enjoy, keeps them in a continual state of bubble and effervescence; they are never quiet—they are mortal illustration of perpetual motion. The sentiment of love exercises a subduing influence, and manifests itself always by a certain repose of behaviour, very striking when contrasted with the former restlessness of the person subjected to its influence. Although this sentiment is condemned by parents and guardians as like to be injurious to mental discipline, we believe on the contrary, that it provides the object be a proper one, it is of sovereign value. It presents to the mind of an amiable female the strongest incentive to exertion. She feels that most delightful of sensations—her importance to the happiness of another; and she toils with an untiring assiduity to make herself worthy of the love which she has excited. Moreover, her thoughts become fixed and regular; they are not disturbed by society, or dissipated by amusements. The most admirable woman we ever knew was one who, having formed at an early age an attachment for a man of intellect older than herself, and capable of directing her studies and pursuit, was married after a long engagement, and entered upon her domestic duties with a perfect confidence that her husband, having formed her for himself, could not be disappointed, since it remained within his power to complete the instruction which he had commenced.

The unbroken felicity which this lady seemed to derive from her husband's influence, was contrasted by us with the many matches, in the circle of a very large acquaintance, formed between young people—the gentlemen being, for the most part, youths fresh from college or clerkdom, and veneered, that, like fine and useless pieces of furniture, it seemed impossible that they should serve for any but the purposes of drawing-room ornaments.

The capital mistake that teachers make, consists in the perpetual effort made to detach the thoughts of young women from love and matrimony—as if there were any power in precept to counteract the dictate of nature. Serena, at sixteen years, knows herself to be as complete a woman as her friend Lucretia, who is but eighteen and has just been married; she knows, from thinking back a little, that two years or even four years are not a very long period, and that they will glide away with sufficient rapidity. If she happens to be in love, those years will appear like weeks, no matter if a jury composed of matrons and professors assure her that they are small eternities. We beg permission to ask two questions—why, if girls are to be wives and mothers, are they not taught in a manner to fit them for those important relations? Why are they continually told that they must not think of such matters?—We answer children to be trained from their tender years, and so honorable and disinterested in him by whom it was made. The arrangement was carried into execution, and the distressed widow has now every prospect of a comfortable, though comparatively humble, subsistence, and of seeing her children at least put into a way of providing honestly for themselves. [Galignani's Messenger.]

Smash! smash! would ensue if fashionable boarding-schools—teaching little but French and flattery—were abolished by Act of Congress, and girls were taught at home by their mothers, or such instructors as their means could furnish.

the right of the landlord to distrain property on the premises and to sell, was not impaired under the provisions of the Bankrupt law.

We have not learned whether the decision relative to the right of the landlord to distrain, extends to rent accruing after filing his petition, or whether for such rent, property returned in the schedule can be exposed to sale.

We see it stated that Judge Penny-baker of the United States for the Western District of Virginia, has declared that after the filing of the petition in bankruptcy, and the order of publication, the petitioner is exempt from a *ca sa*, and that no execution can be levied upon his effects, nor can a landlord's warrant of attachment be issued.

### The New Steamship Union.

This vessel is destined, if successful, to revolutionize the whole system of naval construction and warfare. She is upwards of one thousand tons burthen. Her hull is a perfect model of a first rate steam ship—her masts are raking, and she looks as perfect a specimen as she lies on the water, of a first rate sailing vessel, as any Baltimore clipper: the wheels are horizontal and submerged 6 to 6 feet, and exactly under the centre of the ship. They do not impede her sailing to any extent, and she is therefore not only a steam ship, but a sail ship of the first class, and with steam and sail united, perhaps the fastest ship afloat. All her machinery is of the very best and safest models, and placed in the centre of the hold exactly over the wheels, and under the water line, and therefore safe from shot.—Her stowage is greatly increased over other steam ships of her burthen, and therefore far better qualified for long voyages, as carrying more fuel and having a more perfect use of her sails. This makes this improvement in construction of immense consequence in a commercial point of view. As a war ship, her armament and peculiar construction make her most formidable. She mounts four 64 pound Paixhan guns, which are all placed on pivots, making her equal to an eight gun ship for nearly all purposes, as she can throw a broadside of equal power, and direct her guns to every point. But her most formidable power is a battering ram. Her prow is very sharp, and falls off very beautifully—the edge or extreme front is of solid metal—a composition to resist the action of air and water—and behind it the bows and sides of the ship are all covered with plates of iron overlaying each other, and shot proof—the object ad intention of which is, that the ship may be driven stern foremost into the sides of an enemy's vessel and cut her two. Protected by the metallic prow and the iron plates, no ship can enter her, but glance off harmless, while the ship is driven by the whole power of her steam into the adversary. And this is still more terrific, when another circumstance is stated.—This steamer will seek to be placed in a position to be raked to effect her object—and when in that position, she is driven end foremost into her adversary, while at a signal every man of her crew abandoned her decks and run below the water line, where they are perfectly safe from the enemy—the vessel all the while being as easily steered and managed from below as above. All the damaged she can sustain from the raking of any enemy, will therefore be in her guns and rigging. She is in truth a most formidable ship, and if she meets expectation will revolutionize the construction of ocean steamers, both for war and commerce.

But there is one other feature which is not less extraordinary—the economy her construction. This beautiful specimen of a war ship will cost, ready for sea only, \$1,120,000.—The Missouri and Mississippi steam frigates, for either of which the Union is believed to be at least a full match, cost \$1,100,000 or \$575,000 each; they mount eight guns each, but throw no heavier broadside than the Union. Lieut Hunter, the inventor and constructor of the Union, is a young Virginian, a clear headed and scientific man, and a close calculator. His skill and capacity have been eminently displayed in this ship. He is fully satisfied that he can construct for \$250,000, a iron steamer to carry 20 64 pounders, which shall be impregnable, and of such light draught as to be able to enter Charleston harbor, at all times. If this be correct, we have the deepest interest in the success of his experiment. Of that success few now have any doubts. He built a little boat called the Germ, on this principle, with which he went to Washington, and thence to Baltimore, New York, up the Hudson, and through the canal to the lakes, and every where was considered as triumphantly successful.

### NEW JERSEY.

Governor Pennington was on the 28th ult. re-elected Governor of New Jersey by the Legislature—the vote being for Pennington 42—and for Potts 13.

The Hon. William L. Dayton was elected United States Senator, in the place of the Hon. Samuel L. Southard. His competitor was the Honorable G. D. Wall. The vote was the same as above.

Decisions in Bankruptcy.—An important decision, touching the right of a landlord to distrain property for rent, after it had been returned as the property of the bankrupt by whom the rent was due, was made in the United States District Court, sitting at Pittsburgh. The Court declared that

From the U. S. Gazette.  
CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.  
FOURTH AND LAST DAY.  
FASHION AND BLUE DICK.  
Purse \$2000—4 mile heat—best in three.

The course was crowded with visitors to witness the race between the above named celebrated racing dogs. About 11 o'clock the two dogs were brought from the stable, and presently in first rate condition, although it was whispered that Fashion was not exactly in good fix; still, she made good show, and appeared to feel her position as the dearest nag in the country—a most beautiful animal of a lively sort, and every point apparently perfect. Her competitor Blue Dick, is an iron grey, an exceedingly well made nag—not so much symmetry as Fashion, but finely marked, and of more muscular frame throughout.

At two o'clock they were striped, mounted, and ready for their work; they came to the stand without parade, and at the top of the drum stirred off most gallantly. Blue Dick soon took the lead, with Fashion trailing along like a fox about two lengths in the rear, this position was pretty much maintained during the 1st, 2nd, 3d, and more than half way round the 4th mile. The mare then began almost imperceptibly to work up, and when about to run on the straight side to come home for the heat, the horse having been kept up to the top of his speed the whole time, Fashion made a fine and brilliant start self alongside of him; they then came down at a killing rate, and the excitement among the thousands in attendance was most painful, each one reaching forward to obtain the best view—not a word was spoken, and breathing appeared to be suspended for a time; as the horses came rushing down, head on, and until within one hundred yards of the eastern gate it was not perceptible that Fashion had passed the horse. She came up to the stand full two lengths ahead. Time—1st mile 1 53. 2nd mile 1 54. Making the heat in 7 38, and the best ever made on the course.

Second heat—Fashion took the lead from the start, and maintained it throughout, taking the purse we may say, with ease. Time of second heat, 7 52.

### COTTON CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

The following letter from an intelligent Englishman in Liverpool, was addressed to the editors of the Cincinnati Gazette:

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 1, 1842.  
Dear Sir—When in the cotton section of the States, I was induced to think the India effort on the part of Government would prove a failure. I based this calculation upon these data, that your skill, machinery, fertility of soil, cheapness of conveyance, and nearness to us, would enable you to put down any competition.

Since my return home I have conversed with a friend from India, who resided for a long time in Charleston, and was familiar with cotton growing and who is now engaged in its cultivation in the East—and, from facts furnished to me by him, I am satisfied I was wrong.

The experiment in India will succeed, and the success will be both rapid and permanent. They will not only grow the cotton, but they will manufacture it, and supply us besides with large quantities of the raw material. What effect you may ask, will this have upon the States? The first effect will be to drive you out of the South American markets. That has been your ground. You drove us away from it—understanding us without difficulty. But in India they manufacture a coarse fabric (which suits that market) cheaper than you possibly can, and, consequently, you will have to turn to yield. It was a fatal policy on your part which left your manufactures to stand against the world without protection. They can do a great deal more than most people; but they can't compete with pauper labor or the cheap work of India, unless helped by home duties.

The second effect must be to change the cultivation of a large number of the States engaged in the growth of Cotton at 4 or 5 cents with profit; I suppose it will. But in Georgia and the Carolinas, if I am any judge of soil, it cannot be done. You ought to know all about this. If I remember right, the average crop in the States would not be more than 500 lbs. to the acre, (it will not be over 800 lbs., Eds.) and if so, cotton growing there will prove a losing business. What three States may turn their lands to, or in what way they may employ their capital profitably, I can only conjecture; but I fear, brought up as they are, that they will want lamentably that thrift and energy of the Yankee which will be needed to get through that trial safely.

The third effect, and that on which our legislators and philanthropists like most to dwell, is the anticipated influence on the negro race. If your government has fostered your manufactures, so as to give them durability, and as you Americans say put them ahead, so that they might have consumed one half your cotton crop, you might have competed with the world successfully, and kept up the value of the slaves, and so continued slavery for ages. But this was not done, and the time is now past for doing it. If then, India can manufacture the raw material so as to drive you out of the South American market, and supply us with Cotton, as to meet half our wants, you will have no market which will pay you raw